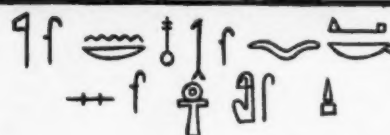
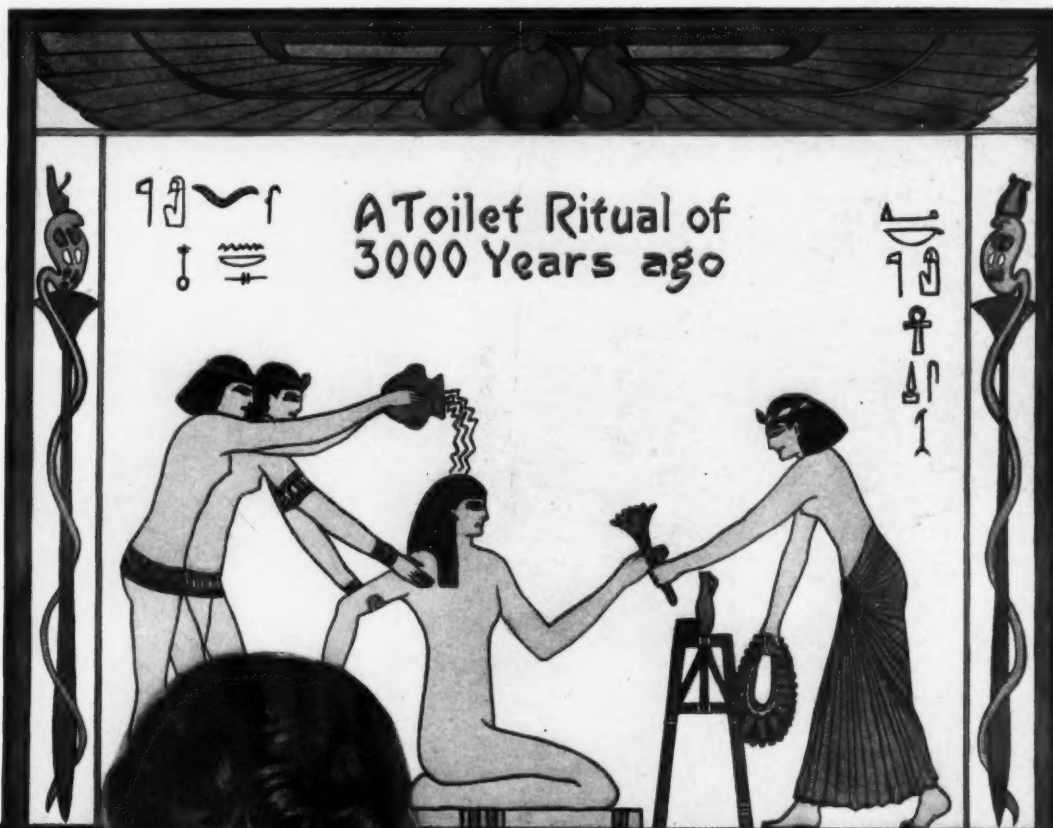




THE HONOR SYSTEM



Did it ever occur to you that MARY GARDEN is the incarnation of CLEOPATRA, Queen of EGYPT? Like MARY GARDEN, she was famous for intelligence and beauty.

MARY GARDEN PERFUME—the subtle fragrance specially created by RIGAUD, for the divine Prima Donna, identifies EVERYWOMAN with a personality which renders her captivating and alluring—by accentuation of personal charm.

Mary Garden Perfume

Toilet Water, Talcum, Sachet and Face Powders,
Rouge (Vanity Case), Massage, Cold and Grease-
less Creams, Soap and Breath Tablets.

Rigaud
Master Perfumer
Paris and New York

Lilas de Rigaud the only odor true to
the fresh Lilac flower

A \$5 Unusual Gift—
200 Monogrammed Cigarettes in a Mahogany Humidor

THE chances are 100 to 1 that he or she won't receive another gift like it. A remembrance that is individual and personal, by reason of the monogram, and that has an added touch of elegance by being packed in a mahogany humidor. Send us the initials of the recipient, mark style of lettering desired (1, 2, 3, 4 or 5), also style of tip, enclose your card and the address to which you desire cigarettes sent. MARMAY cigarettes are made by hand, of the highest quality Turkish tobacco obtainable, and are guaranteed free from adulteration or preservatives of any kind.

Without humidor the prices are \$17.50 for 1000—\$40.00 for 500—\$47.50 for 250—\$25.00 for 100, or send 30 cents for 15 cigarettes showing assortment of monograms and tips.

Ladies' size with or without perfume
 All shipments in Plain Packages, Insured and Prepaid.

MARMAY MFG. CO.
 Dept. P.
 136-138 S. 4th
 PHILADELPHIA

Made a Mess of It

During a social evening a woman sang for the guests. One of the guests turned to a meek-looking little man sitting at his side and said:

"How awful! Who can she be?"

"That," replied the man addressed, "is my wife."

"Oh, I b-b-beg your pardon!" stuttered the other. "She's really a—I know she'd sing beautifully if she made a better selection of her music. Who do you suppose wrote that song?"

"I am the author of that song," replied the meek-looking little man.

—Argonaut.

Correct for Milady's Footwear—

Shoes to match the gown—of "F. B. & C." Colored Kid with the darker shades predominating.

Various colored Vamps of "F. B. & C." Kid with tops of "F. B. & C." White Washable Kid "No. 81"

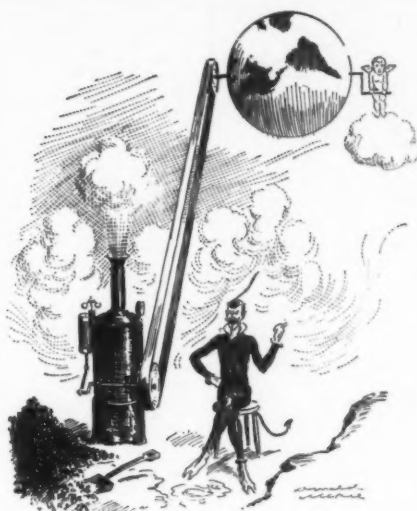
Whole shoes of "F. B. & C." White Washable Kid "No. 81" are always smart.

For day or evening wear, every woman should have "F. B. & C." Bronze Kid Shoes.

The "F. B. & C." Tag is a symbol of style and merit. Look for it attached to shoes you buy and get "The Best There Is."

If your dealer has not shoes with the "F. B. & C." tags attached, write us

Fashion Publicity Co.
 of New York



"HE THINKS HE MAKES IT GO ROUND!"

The Thanksgiving Dinner

THE hired "flivver."
 The ride out to the farm.
 The bitter cold.
 The many stops.
 The warmings up.
 The old homestead.
 The stumbling out.
 Aunt Jane and Uncle Joe.
 The pseudo greetings.
 The musty parlor.
 The smoky chimney.
 The ancient bellows.
 The jovial neighbors.
 The hearty hand-shakes.
 The "Tom and Jerry."
 The bucolic jests.
 The announcement of dinner.
 The trooping in.
 The long table.
 The steaming broth.
 The burnt tongue.
 The glass of ice-water.
 The cod-fish balls.
 The hard cider.
 The toasted muffins.
 The burnt ginger-bread.
 The sizzling turkey.
 The ceremonious carving.
 The apple-jack.
 The preserved persimmons.
 The pop-overs.
 The plum pudding.
 The whiskey sauce.
 The mince pie.
 The nuts and raisins.
 The blackberry brandy.
 The corn-cob pipes.
 The rope-like stogies.
 The old wheezes.
 The chorus of chuckles.
 The antique "gags."
 The loud guffaws.
 The reminiscences.
 The hot toddy.
 The many glasses.
 The hazy feeling.
 The sudden drowsiness.
 The mumbled "good night."
 The staggering up stairs.
 The guest room.
 The bed.

Feel prints that you leave every day



You walk from your home to train or trolley



From train to office



You take many steps around your office



You walk out to lunch and back



and later attend a business meeting



You do an errand for your wife



and then go home



In the evening you attend a theatre or a dance

—and by long odds the best aid you have in maintaining a serene disposition is in the wearing of—

CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

Millions wear them in preference to other kinds, because the Foster Friction Plug, set where the wear comes, prevents slipping and makes the heel last longer. There are no holes to track mud and dirt—cost no more than the ordinary kind.

St—black, white or tan. For Men, Women and Children.

Foster Rubber Co.
 105 Federal St.
 Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.





Let Us Be Thankful

That the dullest campaign in history has now come to an inglorious end. Next week's LIFE will contain nothing about it and no election returns. This fact alone ought to make it the best number of the year. Also now is the subscription season. Obey that impulse.



Notice, please, our new style coupon



Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31, N. Y. City

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)





Some Plain Facts on the Liberty



YOU are a man who knows cars. You think the Liberty is "just another car." If the Liberty dealer knows his business, instead of arguing he puts you in the driver's seat. This is what happens:

Your hands and feet fall naturally into correct driving position as you sit. You don't sit over to one side to get the best leverage on the controls. There is no need to reach. The controls are where they belong,—whether the driver is under or over normal size. *Point one for the Liberty.*

A Surprising Clutch

You remember that clutch on some other car that you had to push—and push hard all day long. You find your foot has fallen naturally on the Liberty clutch pedal—that the slightest pressure is enough to depress it. Apparently that clutch needs about a four-pound pressure as against the forty you are used to—and tired of—without knowing it. *Point two for the Liberty.*

You lift your foot and the car starts. Smoothly—surely—that clutch engages. It will surprise you to know that a ton pressure holds those clutch plates together.

Just a Touch on the Gear Shift

Now for changing speeds. Your hand falls naturally on the gear shift lever. Here is a control to be manipulated with two fingers, and the gears mesh noiselessly—smoothly—without clash—even at that unusual change from third to second at full speed. You never dared do that on other cars, you remember. It is a perfect gear shift. If it can do that it can do anything. *Point three for the Liberty.*

The Quick Stop

You avoided using that emergency brake on other cars because it meant a strong pull—and a stop with a terrible shock—or perhaps no stop for a block. Sometimes it worked—uncomfortably well. More times it didn't. Now you throw the Liberty emergency with a short motion of one finger and the car, sweeping along at forty miles, is *at rest* almost instantly—without a shock—but without a doubt. It is a tremendous braking power that may be applied with a mere gesture. That lever—as it stands there—you regard as an insurance of safety. You cannot be in danger—your wife cannot be in danger—with such a tremendous control at your finger tips. *Point four for the Liberty.*

So you go on making discoveries and learning a new kind of motoring—the Liberty way—a revelation of comfort. You find Liberty driving a matter of easy gestures—with the car responding to touches of hand or foot. Nothing like it for the driver's and riders' comfort has ever been made before!

The Back Seat Revolution

To finish the demonstration, they put you into the back seat. Plenty of room for three! Perfect comfort—deep, correctly-slanted seats that hold you securely, and in comfort like an arm-chair. You swing ahead at full speed across car tracks—over pocky roads—over cobbles—and nothing comes through the comfort-barrier of the Liberty construction except a long, easy swing. You never bounce—you can't rattle. At the most—you swing. Nothing can interfere with that complete relaxation which is the essence of motoring comfort.

Now Prove It

This is the way the Liberty sells itself to you—who know cars. It's a new kind of motoring because it is motoring planned, designed and built for one thing—your comfort, ease, convenience, and pride. Get into a Liberty today. Take this statement along and check it up—word for word. If it's true in every detail, you want a Liberty car.

LIBERTY MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT

New York, Colonial Motors, Inc. Chicago, Chicago Motor Car Co., Inc.
Boston, Liberty Motors, Inc. Detroit, Strasburg-Miller Co.
Los Angeles, Pacific Motors, Inc.
And in other principal cities.

LIBERTY SIX \$1095



Gorham Toiletware

There are some twenty distinct Gorham toiletware patterns, especially designed to appeal to the woman who has a predilection for the choice and exclusive.

This does not mean they are expensive.

And another feature is, that one can buy additional pieces of the same pattern at any time.

THE GORHAM CO.

Silversmiths and Goldsmiths

FIFTH AVENUE & 36th STREET

17-19 MAIDEN LANE

NEW YORK



At Thanksgiving

WHEN I go home, the old house stands
As if it stretched out welcome hands—
The lamps all send so warm a glow
Through fanlight quaint and casement low,
By grandsires brought from older lands.

And drowsily, content expands
Before the fender's shining bands,
Where faint, familiar spices blow,

When I go home.

Each threshold lures with sweet commands,
And binds me in the magic strands
Of tender memories, that grow

Like fragrant blossoms, to bestow
Love which defies Time's shifting sands,

When I go home.

Charlotte Becker.

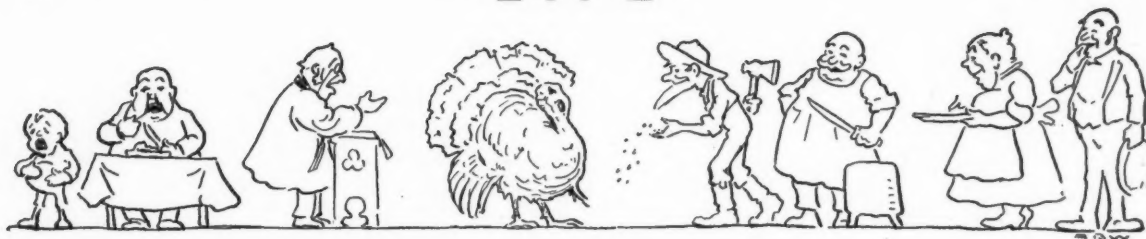
Safety First in Giving Thanks

TO be perfectly neutral in the matter of Thanksgiving, the form of Thanksgiving might read thus:

We, the American people, known as the party of the first part, thank Providence, known as the party of the second part, for all goods received and to be received inasmuch as they are of benefit to us spiritually, materially, and in all such other ways as accredited legal opinion may deem fit and desirable. But, be it understood that on the failure of the party of the second part, in the estimate of the legal opinion before mentioned, adequately and consistently, to provide these benefits at present and in the future, or on the failure of said benefits to reach our just reckoning of what they should be in total and result, we, the party of the first part, become instantly absolved from all debt of gratitude, and the same hereinbefore expressed shall be considered null and void.



THE FIRST FORMAL CALL IN PLYMOUTH COLONY



THE HERO OF A DAY

Mr. Wilson as a Mediator

AS appears from a letter from Professor Munsterberg to Chancellor Von Bethman Hollweg, seized and kindly published by the British, the Professor favors President Wilson as a mediator to bring about the end of the war. He advises the Chancellor not to fear a pro-Ally bias in Mr. Wilson. Our President, he thinks, would be so inspired by the opportunity to play a historic part of such distinction that he would gather all his powers to acquit himself handsomely and put up an absolutely non-partisan article of mediation.

No doubt he would, and Dr. Munsterberg's hopes for his employment may be realized. But not before election, and hardly unless election goes his way.

Nor will he mediate unless someone besides Germany covets his good offices. At present the sentiments that come from London and Paris are strong against a patched-up peace, or peace at all on any basis that seems yet imaginable. That is the proper public attitude for the British and French towards peace with matters in their present case. They ought to be reluctant, and yield, if they yield, only in response to great inducements.

But clearly that is not now the attitude of Berlin. Germany wants to quit. This is the time to settle whether the war must go over another year, and she wants it to stop.

Probably our good friends the *Tribune*, the *Public Ledger* and the *Boston Transcript* would refuse to recognize a peace that Mr. Wilson had a hand in. Moreover, he has been the personality that has typified to Europe unpopular America, and though the dislike of him is not well founded, and probably not very deep, nor so wide-

spread as represented, Europe will not be moved by affection to permit him to take a hand in her troubles.

Nevertheless, he may be permitted, because there are very few personages in the world who are available for such an employment, and the President of the United States is one of them.

After all, there never was an election in this country in which the great world was so much concerned as it is in this one that is at hand. Why Germany turned loose a submarine off Nantucket a month before election here is subject for debate. Perhaps it was for effect on the Reichstag; possibly—the German mind being what it is—it was to stir up American interest in peace negotiations. It seems to have been done more for advertising purposes than as a serious war measure.

Clothes

THE little Eskimoses,
Whose home among the snows is,
Must wrap up warm
For fear a storm
Should nip their ears and toeses

While tiny Javanese
Don't dream of furs and friezes;
Their native spot
Is much too hot
For even light chemises.

But small United Staters
May wear the furs of skaters,
Or flannel suits
And tramping boots,
Or overcoats and gaiters.

Arthur Guiterman.



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE



"SHE'S FOND OF EVERY KIND OF ANIMAL, ISN'T SHE?"
 "I DON'T THINK SHE CARES MUCH FOR HER HUSBAND"

Things We Have to be Thankful for

THE Atlantic Ocean.
 The British Navy.
 France.
 The drop in gasoline.
 The Declaration of Independence.
 The retirement of William Jennings Bryan from public office.
 The fact that John D. Rockefeller laughed in church.
 The large munition contracts.
 The President's platitudes.
 Home cooking.
 Theodore Roosevelt, private citizen.
 The high cost of paper, and the consequent shortage in sex novels.
 The reform of Sing Sing.
 The anti-child-labor law.
 The adjournment of Congress.
 Longer skirts.
 The Russian offensive.
 The reincarnation of the tariff.
 The fact that Society has returned to town.
 The Rio Grande River.
 The Congressional Record.
 The fact that George Washington was not a German.
 The bombs that didn't go off.
 The good humor of William Howard Taft.
 Boston.
 Cranberry sauce.
 Turkey, with a small "t."

Parties

A PARTY is a contrivance by means of which political capital may be accumulated and passed along. It is in the interest of every man who wishes to hold office and lacks personal merit sufficient to land him.

It is not in the interest of the ordinary citizen. Its chief concern is to serve him as little and fool him as much as possible. It achieves real reform only when it can no longer acquit itself with the shadow thereof. It lags behind sentiment and never leads unless in retreat. In short, it is a piece of monumental impudence, and as such endures.

NOTHING stagnates like activity.



WHAT A

The Blow

A YOUNG subaltern rapidly mounted the steps of the house occupied by the admiral. Although he walked with military precision and a brisk, springy step, his eyes and manner, as he waited for an answer to his ring, showed that he was laboring under some great emotion.

When admitted he went directly to the admiral and stood before him, manifestly ill at ease. He wished that some other than he had been chosen to break the sad news that he feared to tell to this man who had been a second father to him and whom he loved so well.

"Well, Jack, my boy," said the admiral, after waiting patiently a few moments for his protegee to speak, "what is it that troubles you?"

"Sir," stammered the young officer, "I have news for you which I fear greatly to tell you. I wish that the unpleasant task might have fallen on shoulders other than mine. You know . . ." He hesitated.

"Come, come, lad; I have faced too many sad tidings not to be able to stand some more. Out with it, my boy. Let's get it over with."

"Sir," stammered Jack, "I have to inform you that Secretary Daniels has resigned."

The admiral half rose from his chair and then, falling back, buried his face in his hands. His big frame shook. The subaltern turned to the window and gazed out across the bay to where, in the gathering dusk, a destroyer was steaming slowly, towing in the submarine.

A Pantomimic World

THE renaissance of pantomime on the stage reminds us how beautiful this world would be if everything could be done pantomimically.

Wars could be fought out with gestures.

Presidential messages could be conveyed to Congress by Delsartean movements.

Billy Sunday would become the Pierrot of Prohibition.

We could refuse a "touch" with a leer, a shrug, a pirouette.

We could make love with the eyes instead of with the larynx.

And the subway express bell would cease from troubling, and a word-weary humanity be at rest.

Benjamin De Casseres.



HUNDRED YEARS CAN DO

Necessary Evils

THE first of the month.
The end of a perfect day.
The alarm clock.
The "dancing man."
The haircut.
The tax-collector
The mother-in-law.
The sleeping-car.
The cocktail.
The débutante.
The dress shirt.
The noisy child.
The country road.
The popular song.
The last row.

In One Hundred Years

"MAMA, can I go around to the museum to-day and see the stuffed king in the glass case?"

The Bright Side

A DISPATCH tells us that Maximilian Harden, the Berlin editor, has had his paper suppressed because of an article dwelling on the horrors of war.

It is a righteous punishment. There is nothing to be gained by dwelling on the horrors of war. These are already too well known. What Germany needs is a few first class writers who can depict the delights of rotting in the trenches, the beautiful aspects of killing one's fellowmen, and the great glory in filling a world with a spirit of hatred. To all publications edited along those optimistic lines the Kaiser will be glad to insure a peaceful and unsuppressed existence.

WIFE: I haven't a thing to wear.

HUSBAND: Then you will be in style, all right.

NOWADAYS it is a race between kitchen utensils and cooks to see which will be renewed the oftener.



Bobby (to Thanksgiving guest): GEE, UNCLE TOM, I WISHT I HAD YOUR STOMICK!

· LIFE ·

Changed Publishing Conditions



GETTING something for nothing is a favorite pastime with many persons among the American public. Of course, they never do get something for nothing, but making them think they do has been the basis of many an American fortune.

In the publishing trade the bait is in the form of offering all sorts of premiums with subscriptions to periodicals. The way it is, or was, worked is simple. Jones, for instance, or his wife, is imbued with the American notion that it is possible to get something for nothing. *The Bunko Magazine* approaches him with a proposition designed especially for persons of this type. The price of the publication is, say, two dollars a year, but in addition Jones is entitled to select a premium from a list running all the way from a cake of soap, a half a pound of tea and an oriole watch to a five-foot set of books.

Jones doesn't care anything about *The Bunko Magazine*, but his eye is glued on the premium that he wants and that he is to get for nothing. He pays the two dollars, gets the premium, but never reads the magazine. There are enough of Jones's kind to give *The Bunko* a large circulation, and on that circulation the publishers base their advertising rates. Obviously subscribers of that kind who have not paid for the magazine but have bought a premium, who do not read it and who know nothing of its value as a periodical, are not profitable customers for the advertisers

who pay high prices for *The Bunko's* space. The advertisers have at last become aware of this and have started a movement to find out whether periodicals get their circulation on *The Bunko* plan or through their genuine appeal to their readers.

LIFE, some years ago, inaugurated the practice of sending to each of its yearly subscribers a handsome reproduction of one of its best pictures, suitable for framing. For lack of a better term it called this a premium, although it was never really a premium in the sense of attracting subscribers, even those of the something-for-nothing class. It was more in the nature of a voluntary courtesy meant to inspire good feeling between the subscriber and the paper.

Being in sympathy with any movement that tends to exterminate the parasites and parasitical practices that have grown up in the publishing trade, LIFE has concluded to discontinue the presentation of the picture so as to relieve itself from even the faintest suspicion of being in the premium business. Its ambition has always been to give its readers their money's worth in the quality and exclusiveness of the matter contained in its pages, without any regard to illusive and clap-trap outside inducement. This ambition it strives to realize in every number. Henceforth LIFE will rely entirely on its own fascinations without even the suspicion of an outside inducement. The complimentary picture is a thing of the past.

Mr. Osborne and Governor Whitman

IT looks as though Governor Whitman would not get the Sing Sing vote.

Mr. Osborne, the warden, resigned on October 10th, and said it was because the Governor would not give him the necessary backing.

All charges against Governor Whitman go to the jury on November 7th. It looks as though Mr. Osborne's resignation was designed to have an unfavorable effect on Mr. Whitman's candidacy. On the other hand, it came as the prompt result of orders by the Governor's new Superintendent of Prisons, which Mr. Osborne considered incompatible with the proper management of Sing Sing by its warden. Perhaps Mr. Osborne ought to have waited until after election before resigning. On the other hand, if he felt that his position was untenable so long as Mr. Whitman was Governor, why not try to improve it by beating the Governor?

It is rather a perplexing situation.



A.D. WALKER

Father Knickerbocker: HOW I HAVE CHANGED!

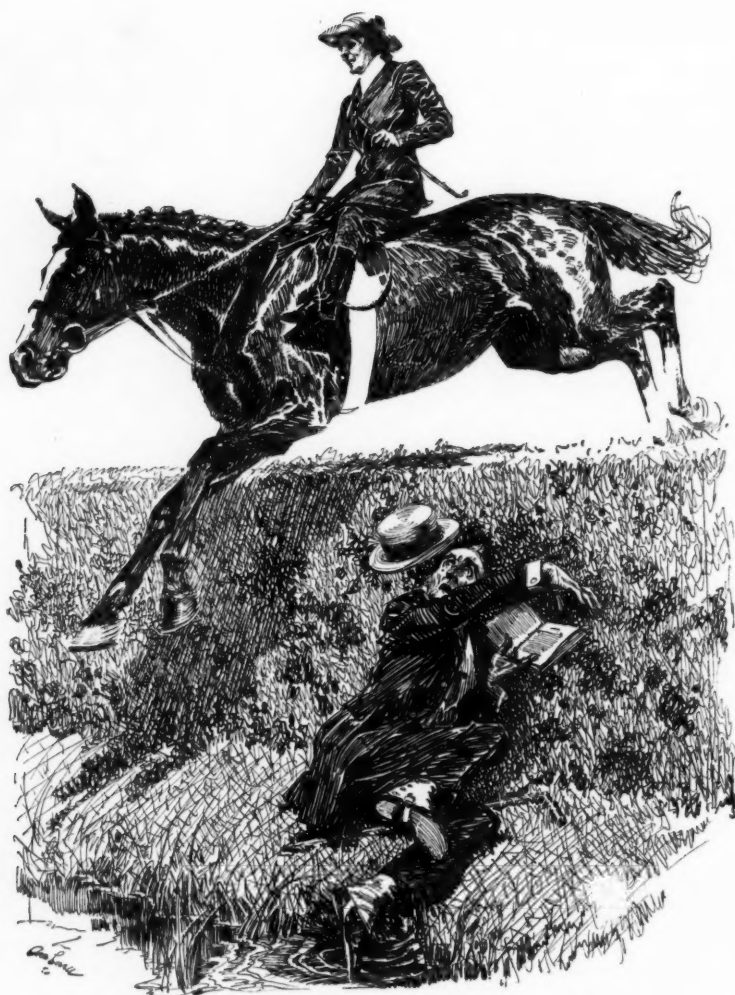
Mr. Osborne has some excellent Republican backers, and it will be interesting to know what they think of his move. He has done a vast deal to improve the prisons of the state by advertising their great defects, getting the public interested in them, and introducing a new spirit into dealings with convicts. It is not much questioned by impartial observers that he has done great good. But whether he ought to continue to be warden of Sing Sing is not so certain. Neither is it certain that Mr. Whitman should continue to be Governor of New York.

The jury will have to bring in a verdict on these matters on the 7th of November, but the intervening time will be very crowded, and a lot of other issues will distract the jury and prejudice its decision. It seems a pity that the differences of Mr. Osborne and Mr. Whitman should not be more fairly tried out; but this election is a confused affair, in which, however we vote, we shall vote for much that we don't want in the hope of getting something that we think it important to have.

· LIFE ·



AN INTERNATIONAL CHARLIE CHAPLIN



HIS WIFE IS PRESIDING AT A SUFFRAGE MEETING, HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER IS AQUA-PLANING, HIS SECOND IS TAKING HER BOXING LESSON AND THIS IS HIS YOUNGEST

Watch Your Pep

PEP is a slang word invented to convey the idea of those who are always up and about, who are full of "ginger," who never go to sleep at the switch. When you are full of pep you can go a long way toward doing almost anything. But pep runs out. If your stomach goes back on you because you don't know how to take care of it; if you consort with weak-minded people, taking on the color of their weak-mindedness; if you burn the candle at both ends, then your pep runs low.

Watch your pep.

MAN is mortgaged up to his neck in the Past.

The Morning Cold Plunge

THE warm, cosy bed.
The turn over.
The desperate mental struggle to overcome the will power.
The sudden resolution to get up.
The wild leap out of bed.
The gooseflesh on the back.
The turn of the faucet.
The fatal rubber plug.
The look of the inflowing water.
The hasty shave.
The missing towel.
The trip to the linen closet.
The return.
The singing bath tub.
The deadly sponge.
The long bending over.
The manly sprinkle on the neck and shoulders.
The shudder.
The retreat. The return.
The horrible plunge.
The brisk rubbing.
The discordant song.
The returned ego.
The proud boast that it is second nature now.

THE night life of New York resides in a cellar in winter and on a roof in summer. It is consequently never on the level.

They Are Thankful for—

GERMANY—Zeppelins, Kultur and U-boats.
France—Joffre.
Belgium—The United States.
Austria-Hungary—Germany.
Turkey—The Dardanelles.
Great Britain—The English Channel.



"All open and above board"

· LIFE ·

A Thanksgiving Wish

MY wants, I consider, are simple,
Though rhyme I like better than
prose,
And though I may dote on a dimple
That goes with a setting of rose.
My tastes they have ever been stable,
And to-day I should love best to
view

Dear Mabel across a small table
With just enough turkey for two!

Of course there would be some ad-
denda,

And that would be such as she'd
wish;

And I would be willing to spend a
Round sum to reach turkey through
fish.

The whole thing would seem like a
fable,

Too fair and too good to be true,
With Mabel across a small table,
And just enough turkey for two!

Forsooth, there'd be cause for thanks-
giving!

The fates, each and all, I should
bless;



BRINGING HOME THE TURKEY

The joy I should take in mere living
Is something I cannot express;
For I should forget the loud babel
Of life if I only could view
Dear Mabel across a small table
With just enough turkey for two!

Clinton Scollard.

Aftermath

MRS. DORCAS: As soon as we
get the ballot we'll reform politics.

DORCAS: After some of the things
you women politicians have been doing
it will need reforming.

Objections

SINCE the opening of the campaign certain definite objections to the two principal candidates have been repeatedly mentioned. The peculiar character of these criticisms can be logically exhibited only in the deadly parallel columns.

Objections to Wilson

As a school-master he is too academic.
He is too retired.
He talks too much.
His Mexican policy is a mess.
He is too neutral to suit the pro-Germans.
He is too American to suit the pro-Allies.
He is too proud to fight.
He is too weak on preparedness to suit the fire-eaters and the munition-makers.
He is too militaristic to suit the pacifists.
He is weak and vacillating.
He is condemned by T. R.

Objections to Hughes

As a judge he has the "cloistered mind."
He is a human icicle.
He talks much and says nothing.
He has no Mexican policy whatever.
He refuses to come out for the Kaiser.
He tries to cultivate the hyphenated vote.
He does not hate anybody sufficiently.
He will not come out for universal compulsory military service.
He is backed by the munitions trust.
He is afraid to stand for anything.
He is supported by T. R.

Now if these objections were seen from one side only we might suspect that they were due to partisanship; but being observed from all sides they are probably valid.

By the way, who is the Socialist candidate?



SLANG PHRASE

"IT CERTAINLY WAS UP TO HIM"

· LIFE ·



"HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR CHAUFFEUR, COLUMBIA?"
"WELL—HE—ER—BUT HE WRITES A BEAUTIFUL LETTER."



The Winning Title

"I Could Stand This
a Little Longer"

Secures the prize of

\$500



AFTER a careful duplicate reading of the 41,840 titles eligible in this contest, 338 were finally selected to be submitted to the judges. One thousand two hundred and forty-three of the submitted titles were rejected as not complying with the conditions of the contest. By a gradual process of elimination the eligible replies were reduced to seven. Each judge, acting independently, ranked these in the order of their merit, and by a mathematical process, which scientifically recorded the combined opinion of all the judges, the award was made to the title,

"I could stand this a little longer,"

sent in by Mr. George B. Worthington, of Chula Vista, California. There were other titles embodying very much the same idea as the one chosen, but this was the best expression of it.

In judging the answers, every one concerned acted with the knowledge that the title selected would be scanned by thousands of bright eyes and weighed by thousands of intelligent minds. Titles which at first glance seemed especially fitting, upon closer analysis showed that while they applied to one picture they did not fit the other, or some similar defect that might rouse just criticism from some of LIFE's alert readers.

To illustrate this point, let us take one answer that seemed especially apt—"A sensation aft." There is no question of its applicability to the dog picture. In the other picture there seems to be no question of the sensation, but is it really "aft"? As the young man is a sailor and not an officer, it would seem entirely unlikely that he and the young woman would be conducting their osculatory practice "aft"; it would be more according to naval etiquette under the guns of the forward turret. Therefore, the application of the title to the second picture would not be correct, although on first consideration the title seemed an excellent one and to apply equally well to both pictures. This instance is quoted to show that the final decision was reached with great care and not in haphazard fashion.

Among the titles sent in were some which some readers of LIFE, and of course the competitors who sent them in, will regard as superior to the one chosen. Those readers

should remember that the judges had no personal interest except to select the title which, all things considered and according to their experience and judgment, best complied with the requirements of the competition.

Among the best of those eliminated were:

A fellow who wishes to be re-membered.
A temporary tie-up.
I'll never, never shake you.
When the cutter leaves.
His finish.
Pretty close.
Will mortification ensue?
Tale-bearers not wanted.
How short it seems!
No more chasing around and around.
An expression of joint tenderness.
No thoughts for the front.
Too short.
Just docked.
And so on, and so on, without end.
A soothing application of tar.
A tail that will never grow old.
Why doesn't Josephus put a stop to this?
A chance for cats to gossip.
Why he wasn't wig-wagging.
Tender moments.
Yours without end.
Tender in the extreme.



AS IT SEEMS TO SOME OF US!



PRIMITIVE MAN

Our Thanksgiving Dinner

1776

UNCLE SAM walked to the head of the board,
And greeted each one on the way—
Adams and Warren, Hancock and Smith,
For this was Thanksgiving Day.

1916

Uncle Sam walked to the head of the board,
And greeted each one on the way—
Einstein and Swansen, Wylanski and Schmidt,
For this was Thanksgiving Day.

"LOOK here, my boy, who's been teaching you to smoke
cigarettes—your sister or your mother?"

Amending Old Documents

ONE change proposed to the Episcopal Convention at St. Louis was to take the politics out of the Lord's Prayer by omitting "For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory," at the end. These words, it seems, are not in the original text, but were added by doxologists.

Another change would substitute "keep" for "obey" in the marriage service, and excuse the groom from endowing the bride with all his worldly goods.

It was proposed, furthermore, to omit from the prayer-book prayers for "Jews, infidels and Turks," on the ground that the classification is not polite to the Jews, and to omit the prelude to the ten commandments as being out of date and purely Jewish.

While the Episcopal hand is in, why not vacate the injunction against making graven images which forbids all sculpture, and modify the fourth commandment by omitting the details of Sabbath keeping? These two passages are just as Jewish as the prelude and just as much out of date in Christian countries.

CRAWFORD: He must have a pretty good reason or he wouldn't break the lease.

CRABSHAW: You bet he has. His wife figured out that they could afford a more expensive apartment.



"WITHOUT A MUZZLE, EH? WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?"

"YER HONOR, I COULDN'T REACH THE WATER IN THE FOUNTAIN WITHOUT REMOVING THE MUZZLE, AND——"

"TEN DAYS ON THE ISLAND! NEXT!"



OUT? THEN I'LL WAIT



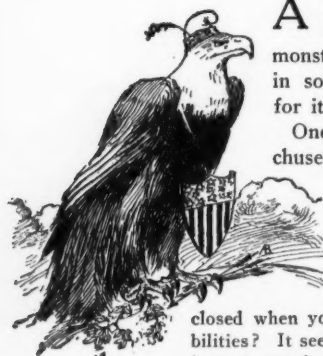
NOVEMBER 2, 1916

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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A GOOD many letters have come to LIFE remonstrating with it, some in sorrow, some in anger, for its list towards Wilson.

One writer, from Massachusetts, enclosed a picture of Hughes riding a dachshund (the German vote) to victory, and said:

Why the enclosed when you compare the possibilities? It seems to me that Wilson is, so to speak, "beyond the pale." I consider him a blatherskite and an academician of the first water. So tell me why.

President Eliot's article, published in the *Times* of October 22nd, is an answer to this Massachusetts brother's query that it is hard to better. He goes over the whole record. A good many voters have seen nothing in Wilson but matter for reprobation and contempt. Their main grievance is about the war. They have felt that he has kept our country out of it at great cost to its reputation and its moral sense. They have felt that we should have been in with the Allies, and that it is our shame that we are not; or at least, that something should have been done to make us feel and appear better. They blame Mr. Wilson, and think he has been cowardly in political self-seeking.

Dr. Eliot has been of their mind about the propriety of getting into the war, but he says "an immense majority" of our citizens were "unquestionably" opposed to it, and he does not blame Mr. Wilson for keeping out.

We commend his discourse to our Massachusetts correspondent.

The truth seems to be that no one could get us into the war but Germany, and so far Germany has not been willing to do it. The German Chancellor, who seems a dutiful and tolerably far-sighted man, has not been willing to add us to the ring of Germany's foes, and so far has paid the price to keep us out. But at any time he may be overcome by the go-the-whole-hog party, and submarine frightfulness may be renewed, and we may be forced into the war. That is more likely to happen as Germany's desperation increases.

The mass of the Germans know what the tenacity of the Wilson administration has cost them, and they hate it, and the reflection of their resentment is seen in the great preponderance of German-American votes and sentiment for the anti-Wilson candidate. The Germans have tried out the Wilson administration, and have not been able to handle it. They can't lose by a change, and may gain. So they want a change. A change would mean at least something like a diplomatic interregnum for some months, and in that there would be a possibility of German deviltry and advantage. Our country knows very imperfectly how well the Germans have been handled by the State Department, and how valuable, honorable and admirable have been the services of Mr. Gerard. But the Germans know, and they want a change, except, possibly, the Chancellor and such as hold with him and fight frightfulness. It may be that *they* are looking far ahead, and

see in the Wilson administration in these States a spirit that may be helpful to the healing of the nations, and Germany among them.



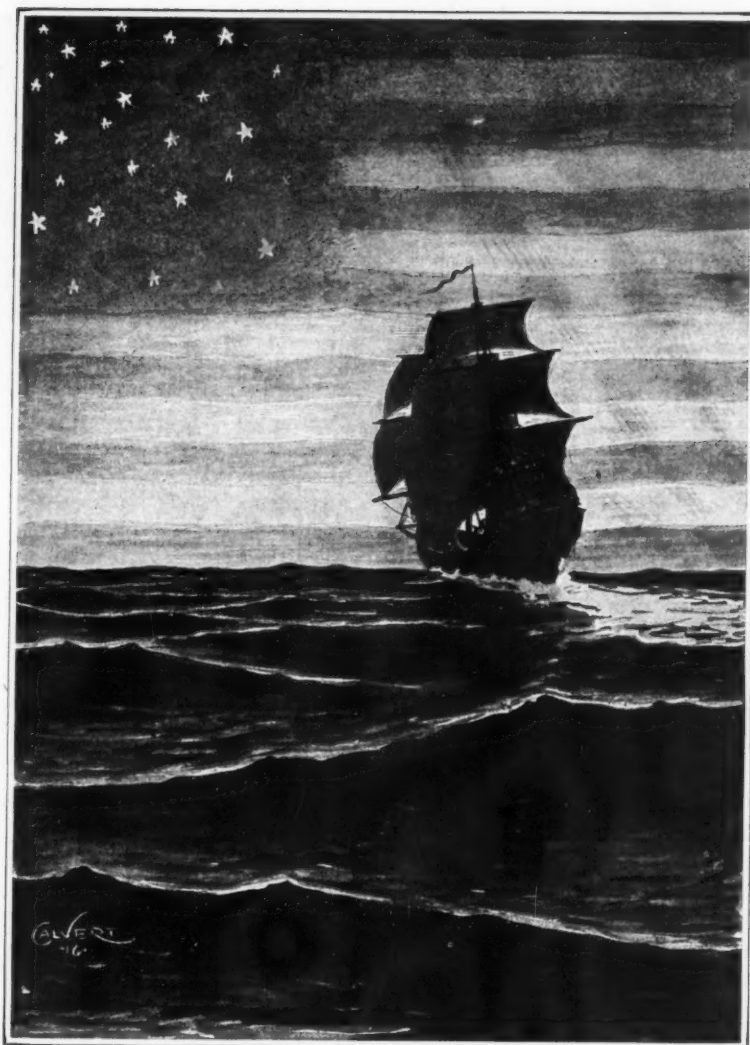
SO one reason why LIFE has had a list towards Wilson has been because of the German list the other way and the reasons for it.

The other main reason is that Wilson is a progressive, and that, in LIFE's opinion, it is still necessary that the progressive movement should go on. For fifteen years in this country a revolutionary movement has been proceeding. It is disturbing, and has irritating incidents. But on the whole it seems wholesome and necessary, and fit to save us from worse troubles. It has gone on safely and steadily, and with the minimum of disturbance, under Mr. Wilson, and so far as that is concerned, though Mr. Hughes is thought to be fairly progressive too, to shift the control of government over to the high-protection party does not look like a useful change.

If Mr. Wilson is re-elected we hope our friends who can see no good in him will take a new start and perhaps discover that the nation's course is not being so ill laid as they suppose. Certain qualities in him and attitudes of mind will always bother them, but the man can think, and he does think to much purpose. If Mr. Hughes is elected we shall learn presently not only something about Mr. Hughes but a great deal about Mr. Wilson. All our pains of neutrality have so far been visited on Mr. Wilson's head. It has not been fair. He has not been to blame for them, and we shall find that out if Mr. Hughes gets in.



MR WILSON has curious blind sides to him which are not all to his disadvantage as a political leader. When a man must live where many smells displease, it is not ill luck if his



WESTWARD, HO!

1620

olfactories are blunted, and if he must handle repellant instruments he is just as well off in not being too sensitive to objectionable qualities in his helpers. It was amusing the other day when Mr. Wilson spoke of the men who wanted the scalp of the present Controller of the Currency, "because," he said, "for the first time in many years he has made the banks obey the banking law." And he added: "Knowing him to be honorable, knowing him to be efficient, I can conjecture no other reason."

Perhaps not, but if he searched outside of his own mind for a reason he would be quite likely to find his friend, the Controller, described as harsh, truculent, overbearing; a man who would rather make an enemy than a friend, and who likes to turn the knife after he has driven it in.

Nevertheless, the Controller is an able as well as a formidable man, and probably does make the banks obey the law, even in the section which he favors. And probably Mr. Wilson seldom sees him, and never suffers from

the qualities which make other gentlemen want his scalp.

And after all, Stanton was overbearing, and Lincoln knew it, but still kept him, because he was honest, able and devoted, and because he had to work with such instruments as he could get.

So must every President, and must sometimes carry unsuitable officials for a time because it is politically inexpedient to drop them. Whether Mr. Wilson knows how unsuitable Mr. Daniels is for his job we can only conjecture (as he would say), nor can we be sure that in case of Mr. Wilson's re-election Mr. Daniels will not continue where he is. But we are free to hope the contrary, and since the engagements of all the Cabinet officers terminate automatically on the fourth of next March, Mr. Daniels will not be re-engaged except by a distinct act of the presidential will.

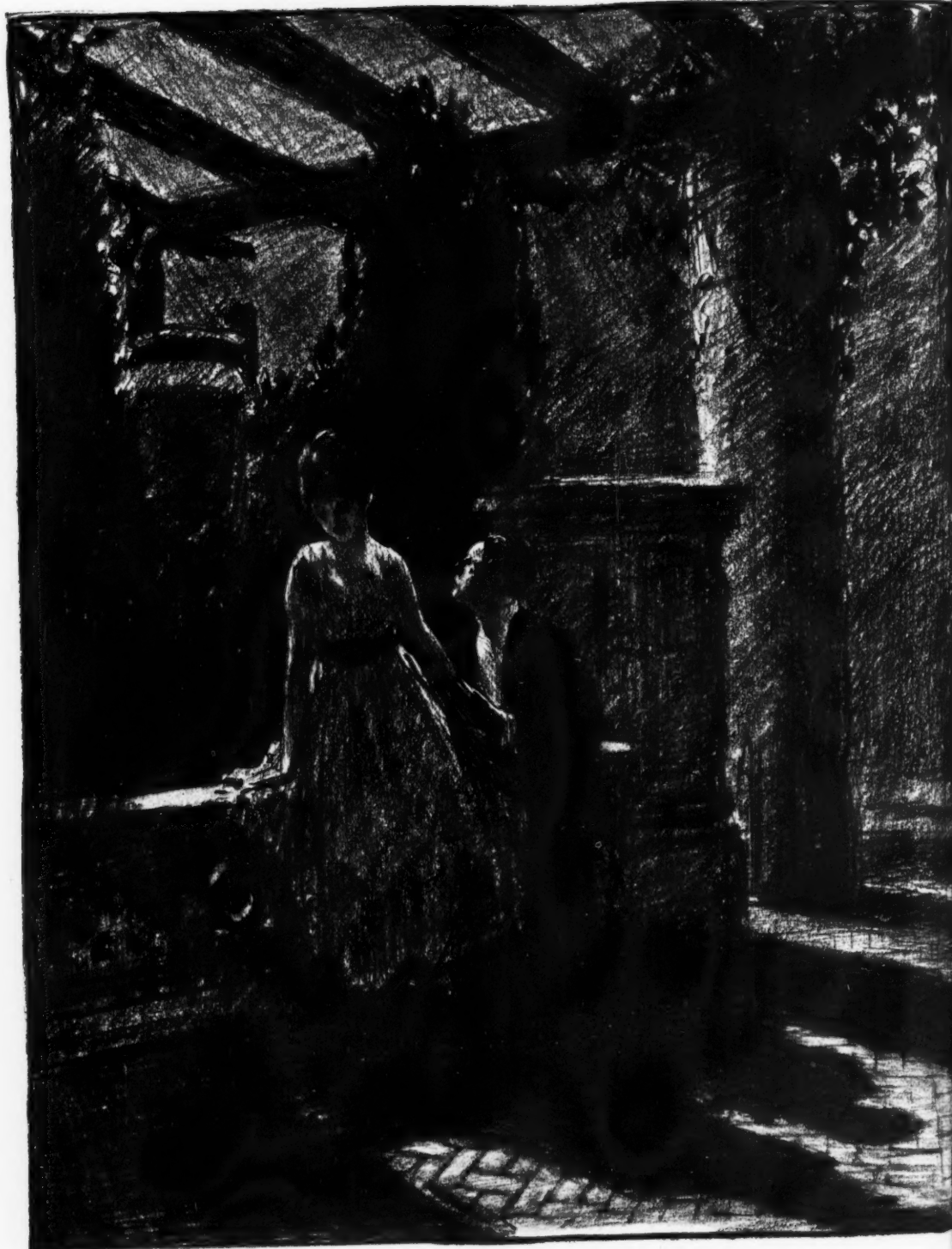


THE campaign is running to roor-backs in its close, and lots of valuable white paper is devoted to matters of no concern; as to Mr. Ridder's reported intrusion of his views upon the mind of Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Baker's comparison of the men of Valley Forge to the Mexican revolutionaries.

Mr. Baker is a clever man, but that was not a happy comparison. Its relation, however, to Mr. Wilson's election is very, very faint.

A great many people seem to be going to vote for Wilson who don't want to. They are going to do it because, in spite of Williams and Daniels, and delay in military preparation, and Mexico, and the eight-hour law, and other things, Mr. Wilson, as the leader of the Democrats, stands for something they want, and is heading where they want to go, whereas Mr. Hughes stands for nothing definite, and is headed for nowhere in particular.

LIFE is not a seventh son to say who will win, but the disaffection with Mr. Wilson seems to be abating. The drift is to him.



According to Hoyle



According to Impulse



Another of the Ambitious Movies

THE awful fights in "A Daughter of the Gods," the latest of the megatherian movie plays, show the movie picture producer at his awfulest. The brainy gentlemen who use the money and other resources at their disposal in making moving-picture plays evidently have very little creative ability. They assemble crowds of persons, train them, costume them and drill them; build buildings to be burned down, make use of the most impressive surroundings, drag in some sort of a story, and the result, so far as dramatic effect goes, is absolutely nothing. The ballyhoo public goes to see what the ballyhoo manager provides. The bigger the expenditure the bigger the profit—sometimes—but artistically the result is hopeless.

Persons who have written moving-picture scenarios and have received more or less generous pay

for their work tell LIFE that when they see their plays on the screen after the movie picture director has had his way they have utterly failed to recognize the children of their own brains. In one or two cases the authors have felt inclined to return the money they had received as having been gained under false pretenses. They couldn't believe that the thing they saw was the thing they had written.



WITH everything the moving-picture industry can provide and with the loveliest of natural settings, "A Daughter of the Gods" shows in emphatic form what a poverty of artistic brains is employed in the moving-picture business. The piece purports to tell some sort of a story. The "cut-ins" which supply the text that explains the plot are evidently written by an amateur of narration and an ignoramus of the drama from any but the ballyhoo point of view. The persons who laid out the arrangement of the films belong to the tribe of photographic idiots who believe that the public is always going to be more interested in the tricks of their trade than in the logical development of a story by the means at their command.

Dramatically there is possible a tremendously effective use of the shifting of scenes feasible with the camera and not feasible on the theatrical stage. With the present directors and producers of moving pictures this possibility, with its great value, becomes a joke. They haven't the artistic sense to use the means at their command, and go on, time after time, tiring out even the ballyhoo public with their photographic tricks.



Talkative Dentist: HOW'S ALL YOUR FOLKS?

THERE are some delightful things in "A Daughter of the Gods." One is the omission of what are called, in the vernacular of the movie trade, "close-ups"—enlarged pictures of the leading characters making up faces to show the ballyhoo audiences their command of facial expression. There are also some exquisite pictures of Jamaican land and water scenery, enlivened by the shapely Annette Kellermann assisted by numerous mermaids.

The oriental fairy-tale, supplied to thread the really charming pictures and the supposedly thrilling effects of using countless supers and photographic scenery for the worn-out mob and burning purposes, is so trivial that it gets lost in the mass of directors' and producers' tricks. Some of these efforts would be mightily effective if artistically employed.

It is said that nearly a million dollars has been expended in various ways on "A Daughter of the Gods." It is pitiful that a small percentage of this expenditure should not have been used to employ someone with dramatic sense to write a play and tell the movie directors how to get dramatic results with the wonderful material at their disposal.



THE Yale Pageant, impressive in some of its historical scenes and beautiful in some of its color effects, found its special value in the effect of stimulating an interest in local history and in the development of the local community spirit. One of the episodes reproduced a "town and gown" riot, but the Pageant in its entirety, through enlisting the combined efforts of Yale and New Haven, makes impossible any future "town and gown" antagonism.

The employment of something like three thousand New

Haven school children in one of the most beautiful and impressive scenes means an awakened interest in American history and a future closer bond between the institution and the community in which it is located.

Pageants have a wider influence than their theatrical and artistic appeal.



MR. OLIVER MOROSCO, who made his beginnings on the Pacific Slope, where the theatrical business is not so closely organized as it is in New York, is beginning to make his influence felt here as a producing manager with initiative and a view-point somewhat outside of the limited New York horizon. For these reasons the musical farce having the very flippant title "So Long, Letty" gave the jaded New York appetite, rather satiated by so much of the same old thing done in the same old way by the same old persons, a distinct sensation of novelty. The music by Mr. Earl Carrol had a virile and novel quality, and the book really unfolded something like a farcical plot. The lines were clever from a new point of view, and the situations developed more logically than in most of our musical pieces.

Mr. Morosco was able to see in Charlotte Greenwood something more than her long and double-jointed limbs—using that term as indicating both arms and legs. She has also an unusual command of facial expression and a true comedy sense, all of which were used most intelligently and amusingly in "So Long, Letty." The piece also introduces to New York notice Mr. Walter Catlett, who is really that unusual genius, a musical comedy comedian who is in fact

funny. To these impersonators of the major characters were added some others with names not so well known, but with excellent qualifications for the minor parts. The settings were of unusual charm.



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Astor.—"His Majesty, Bunker Bean." A not remarkably amusing dramatization of Mr. Harry Leon Wilson's story, with Mr. Taylor Holmes not quite reproducing the hero.

Belasco.—"Seven Chances," by Mr. R. C. Megrue. Very amusing farcical comedy, well cast, and well staged under Mr. Belasco's direction.

Booth.—"L'Enfant Prodiges," re-christened "Pierrot the Prodigal." Delightful pantomime, with Wormser's charming musical accompaniment. Well performed.

Casino.—"Flora Bella," with Lina Ababanell. Comic operetta, with clever book and tuneful music, agreeably staged.

Cohan and Harris's.—"Object Matrimony," by Messrs. Montague Glass and J. E. Goodman. Notice later.

Comedy.—"The Washington Square Players." Four playlets of different types, interesting in composition, setting and acting.

Cort.—"Upstairs and Down," by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton. Complicated picture of alleged life in Long Island society. Unwholesome and unreal, but well done and amusing.

Criterion.—"Mr. John Drew in the title rôle of "Major Pendennis." Notice later.

Eltinge.—"Cheating Cheaters," by Mr. Max Marcin. Crime play, well acted, with laughable spots and a number of surprises. Something rather out of the usual.

Empire.—"Mr. Cyril Maude in "The Baskers," by Mr. Clifford Mills. Notice later.

Forty-fourth Street.—"The Flame," by Mr. R. W. Tully. Curious melodrama of civilized and voodoo life in the Caribbean neighborhood. Spectacular, but not convincing.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Rich Man, Poor Man," by Mr. George Broadhurst, from a story by Mr. Maximilian Foster. Boarding-house virtue contrasted with millionaire iniquity in a curious play of incredible circumstance.

"So Long, Letty" provokes genuine laughter, and in other particulars merits inspection by the New York experts who are always willing to give anything in the girl-and-music line the once over.

Metcalf.

Fulton.—"Arms and the Girl," by Messrs. Grant Stewart and Robert Baker. Amusing and well staged play of remarkable and farcical happenings in Belgium when the Germans first ravished that unhappy country. Not a tragedy.

Garrick.—"Poilu." Shabby performance, in French, of what is said to have been a Parisian success.

Globe.—"Mr. Raymond Hitchcock as the star of "Betty." English musical play of the Gaiety type with the star in an amusing imitation of Mr. G. P. Huntley. Tuneful and with more daintiness than usual in girl-and-music shows.

Harris.—"Under Sentence," by Messrs. R. C. Megrue and Irvin Cobb. Sing Sing drama of considerable interest, with a comedy touch and a doubt whether the authors are commending or satirizing the Osborne method of dealing with criminals.

Hippodrome.—"The Big Show." The usual combination of vaudeville features, ballet, spectacle and ice carnival, all done brilliantly and on a big scale.

Hudson.—"Pollyanna." A girl orphan made the teacher of a lesson in optimism conveyed by an amusing and well acted play.

Knickerbocker.—"Mr. David Warfield in revival of "The Music Master." Reproduction of Mr. Klein's very human play, with the star's delightful impersonation of the humorous but pathetic musician.

Liberty.—"Intolerance." The movie at its biggest. Everything but real dramatic interest.

Little.—"Hush," by Violet Pearn. A well-staged and satirical argument against prudishness, imitating Mr. Shaw's scheme of a play within a play.

Longacre.—"Mr. William Collier in "Nothing But the Truth," by Mr. James Montgomery. Original and diverting farcical comedy demonstrating in a laughable way that George Washington wasn't the only American who couldn't tell a lie.

Lyceum.—"Backfire." Drama of persecution of the defenseless poor, with its principal argument an attack on the legal defense of contributory negligence. Commonplace.

Lyric.—"A Daughter of the Gods." Moving-picture drama with Annette Kellermann as the star. See above.

Maxine Elliott's.—"Fixing Sister," by Mr. Lawrence Whitman, with Mr. William Hodge. A play which gives credence to the report that it was written by the star, under an assumed name, to fit his personality as an actor. Neither strongly interesting nor particularly amusing.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back," by Mr. J. E. Goodman. A thoroughly interesting dramatic story with unusual features, and well presented.

Princess.—"Go to It." Notice later.

Punch and Judy.—"Treasure Island." Revival of the picturesque staging of the Stephenson story, with some changes in the cast.

Republic.—"Good Gracious, Annabelle." Notice later.

Shubert.—"So Long, Letty." See above.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Emma Dunn in "Old Lady 31," by Rachel Crothers. Notice later.

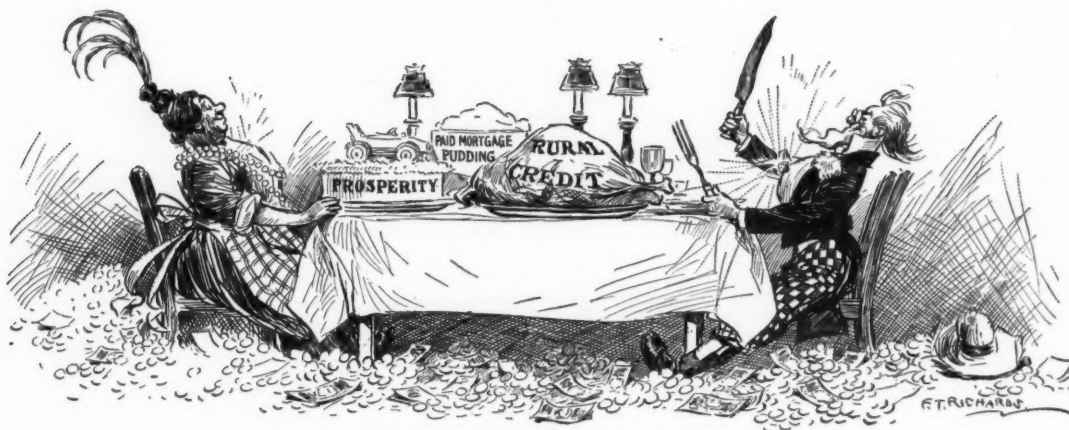
Winter Garden.—"The Show of Wonders." Notice later.

Ziegfeld's Frolic.—"Diverting cabaret and vaudeville beginning at midnight and serving as an excuse for not going to bed when one really ought to."



THE WAY JONES FEELS WHEN HIS WIFE WEARS A VERY SHORT SKIRT

October



THE AMERICAN FARMERS' THANKSGIVING.



ANOTHER GERMAN SUBMARINE ARRIVES IN AMERICA



"THE WORLD (SERIES) IS MINE!"



NEW FRENCH LINER HAS A THEATER



THE BURIED HATCHET.



A WATCHFUL WAITER

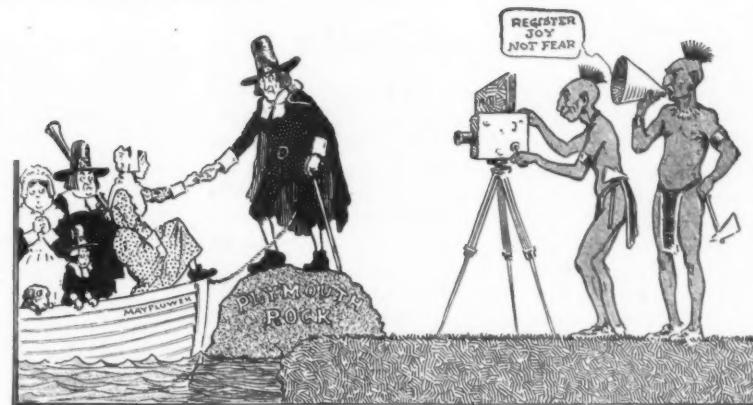


JAPAN CAN SELL CHEAPER THAN AMERICA.

Two Classes

THE world is divided into two classes of people: those who are trying to reform it and those who are trying to conform to it.

The man who starts out to reform the world is laboring under a disadvantage which he does not always perceive. The world was here a long time before he came, and will, doubtless, be here a long time after he leaves. Assuming, therefore, that he reforms it to his own satisfaction, he has no one here upon whom he can absolutely rely to guard his interests after he has gone. But assuming that he has been fortunate enough to discover such a person, in a short time he also will follow. If reformers could be sure of coming back at regular intervals and straightening things out, correcting little faults here and there and putting everybody right once more, why then it might all be worth while. But alackaday! No reformer, so far as known, has ever come back. Perhaps, after all, this is one of the consolations that the world permits itself. Then again every new reformer must not forget that a lot of other reformers, some of them with high orders of ability, have preceded him,



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS
HAD IT OCCURRED RECENTLY

and while we are by no means pessimists, we must confess to a very shaky feeling about most of their work. We cannot help but wonder if, after all, the world might not have been better for their presence if they had paid more attention to themselves and less to the world.

As for the other class, those people who conform to the world, perhaps the worst thing that can be said about them is that many of them succeed too well.

Hail, Thanksgiving!

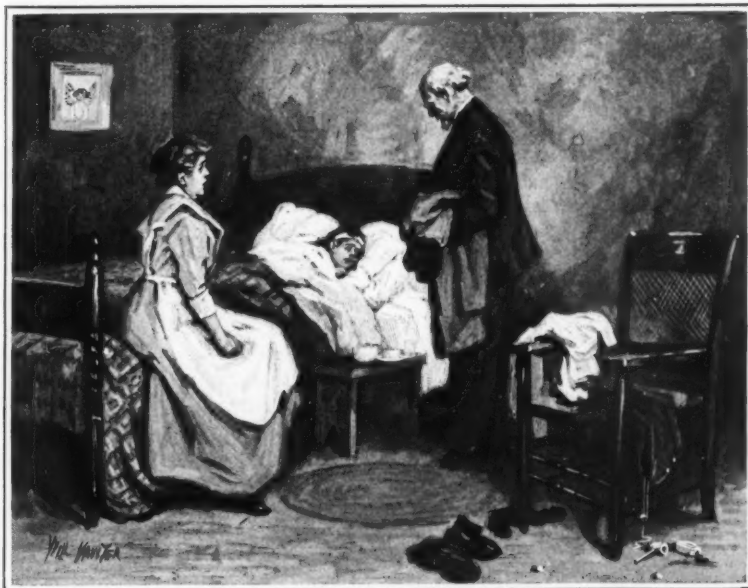
FOR Americans this ought to be the happiest Thanksgiving within recollection. If President Wilson is re-elected next Tuesday, how pleased we all will be that we are not to have four years of Hughes. And if the Republicans sweep the country, how comfortable we will all feel that we are spared four more years of Wilson. If there lives a pessimist so gloomy that he cannot extract joy from these meditations, let him remember that either Marshall or Fairbanks must be defeated. And if all these seem but negative blessings, let him reflect that the unpleasant alternative of having to vote for either Wilson or Hughes might have been even worse. Supposing we had to go to the polls and choose between Champ Clark and John W. Weeks. That ought to be enough to make every American, with two exceptions only, cry "Hail, Thanksgiving!"

An Open Letter to Alabama

DEAR ALABAMA:

Why not revise your present coat of arms? In place of the eagle, with the motto "Here we rest," don't you think that a group of gaunt, emaciated little children, with the legend "Here we work," would be much more appropriate?

Sincerely yours,
PRO BONO PUBLICO.



"OH, DOCTOR, I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE COME! WILLIE WAS TAKEN SICK ON HIS WAY FROM SCHOOL. I'M AFRAID IT'S OVER-STUDY."

The Orphaned Babies

NEW developments, recorded in the daily press, point to an expansion of the work of helping the French orphans, in which LIFE and its readers have been engaged, to a point where it will be a tremendous monument to the friendship of America for France. This fund provides care for its baby beneficiaries for two years, and, of course, the number of children we can benefit is limited to the amount contributed through us.

The new movement, nation-wide, proposes to make the 200,000 French children destitute and orphaned by the war, charges of citizens of the United States for the next fifteen years. The undertaking is such a stupendous one that it fairly takes one's breath. But the men back of the movement are not accustomed to fail in any of their undertakings, no matter how big.

In spite of the tremendous amount of money involved in the new enterprise, LIFE is not ashamed to state that for the French babies' fund LIFE's readers have already contributed \$32,798.20, from which we have remitted to the Orphelinat 170,349.49 francs.

LIFE gratefully acknowledges from

Ira K. Pitner, Los Angeles, Cal., on account to complete Baby No. 435.....	\$0.50
Henry H. Derr, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., for Baby No. 436..	73
In memory of Henry Morrison Chapin, Jr., Mauch Chunk, Pa., for Baby No. 437.....	73
Mrs. F. K. Root, Chicago, Ill., and C. D. Irwin, Brookline, Mass., for Baby No. 438.....	73
"Three Lovers of France," Washington, D. C., for Baby No. 439.....	73
"\$XX," Suffield, Conn., for Baby No. 440.....	73
Esther B. Pearson, Newton Lower Falls, Mass., for Baby No. 442.....	73
Jeanne and Frances Stanley, New Britain, Conn., for Baby No. 443.....	73
Mona and Barrie Bracken, Brighton, Mass., for Baby No. 444.....	73
E. G. P., Rochester, N. Y., for Baby No. 445.....	73
E. P., Rochester, N. Y., for Baby No. 446.....	73
E. P., Jr., Rochester, N. Y., for Baby No. 447.....	73
Joshua M. Holmes, Oak Lane, Pa., for Baby No. 448.....	73
Mrs. E. E. White, Milwaukee, Wis., for Baby No. 449.....	73

FOR BABY NUMBER 418

Already acknowledged.....	\$65.55
P. K. Cook, Hanover, N. H.....	4
Gibbs Mason, Boston, Mass.....	3.45
	\$73

FOR BABY NUMBER 441

M. T. G., Toledo, O.....	\$36.50
Gibbs Mason, Boston, Mass.....	1.55
E. and V. LaB., New Rochelle, N. Y.....	2
	\$40.05

A contribution of seventy-three dollars provides that for two years a destitute French child, orphaned by the war, will be kept with its mother or relatives instead of being sent to a public institution, where its chances of survival are less than in a family environment. During this critical period in the child's life its welfare is looked after and the funds disbursed by the Orphelinat des Armées, an organization officered by President Poincaré and other eminent French men and women. The Orphelinat has committees in every part of France, who keep in touch with the children and supervise details of management. Contributions of less than seventy-three dollars are combined until they amount to the larger sum.

As fast as LIFE receives from the Orphelinat the names and addresses of the children and their mothers, with particulars of the father's death and other information, these are communicated directly to the contributors for the care of each child. The full amount of the funds received by LIFE is put into French exchange at the most favorable rate and remitted to the Orphelinat with no deduction whatever for expenses.



TRIUMPH OF THE ARTIFICIAL LIMB MAKER'S WIFE
A COMBINATION OF MODERN AND OLD FASHIONED IDEAS IN
WOMAN'S DRESS

How to Find Fault

IT is not at all difficult to find fault, because there is so much of it lying around. That's where the difficulty comes in. There is no honor and distinction in finding fault that anybody else can find and everybody else has found.

If you want to be a success at fault-finding you must branch out on fresh lines, use new and ingenious methods, and find fault that has never been found before. Where is the honor in finding fault with your wife's biscuits, or with the fact that dinner is late, or other such daily occurrences? But only let some budding scientist find a modicum of fault with the inexactitude of the isothermal lines as evidenced by the cross currents of the Martian canals and he is in a fair way to accumulate unto himself both fame and fortune.

In brief, then, it is with finding fault as with everything else: be not commonplace.

"Is your church up to date?"

"Is it? Well, I should say! Why, we've even put our boy choir into pajamas."



A RULE OF HEALTH
ALWAYS GET UP FROM THE TABLE FEELING HUNGRY

Both Candidates Favor the League to Maintain Peace

"There is no national isolation in the world of the twentieth century," said Mr. Hughes, when accepting his presidential nomination. President Wilson has not been equally clear, but words used by him when accepting his nomination indicate that his mind is opening—that he no longer rigidly holds to the archaic doctrine that the affairs of Europe do not concern us.—*The Globe*, New York.

WHAT Mr. Wilson said in his speech of acceptance on this subject is as follows:

No nation should be forced to take sides in any quarrel in which its own honor and integrity and the fortunes of its own people are not involved; but no nation can any longer remain neutral as against any wilful disturbance of the peace of the world. The effects of war can no longer be confined to the areas of battle. No nation stands wholly apart in interest when the life and interests of all nations are thrown into confusion and peril. If hopeful and generous enterprise is to be renewed, if the healing and helpful arts of life are indeed to be revived when peace comes again, a new atmosphere of justice and friendship must be generated by means the world has never tried before. The nations of the world must unite in joint guar-

antees that whatever is done to disturb the whole world's life must first be tested in the court of the whole world's opinion before it is attempted.

That seems fairly clear.

Lord Bryce finds "the standard bearers of the two great political parties" united in support of a league for world peace, and rejoices, for he says the scheme "could hardly succeed without the co-operation of the greatest of neutral nations."

Embarrassments of a Composite Civilization

POLITICIANS in this country are that careless that it is ever so hard for scrupulous people. This year our callous up-state rulers in New York have gone and run the registration days right into the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles with a line of sacred holidays that covers all the days of registration. The orthodox Jews have supposed they would lose their votes, but it seems they can register on Saturday after sundown. One recalls the remonstrance of Boston Jews last year because one of the days for Harvard entrance examinations fell on Yom Kippur or some other day equally incompatible with secular proceedings.



CHARLIE HAD A LITTLE DOG—
A HYPHEN DOG, YOU KNOW—
AND EVERYWHERE THAT CHARLIE WENT
THAT DOG WAS SURE TO GO.

Sanctum Talks

"GOOD morning, LIFE."

"Good morning, Charles. Being a one-hundred-per-cent candidate, I presume you prefer that familiarity?"

"Oh, quite so."

"I am glad you called. I wanted to ask you some questions."

"And I wanted to solicit your suffrage."

"What?"

"I want you to vote for me."

"Well, what do you stand for this year?"

"I stand for straight Americanism, for legislation without coercion, for national honor, for order in Mexico, for efficiency in government, for America first and America efficient, for

trained men in the Cabinet, for—"

"Yes, yes; that means a lot. So do I, Charles; but let us be specific. Do you think we should have protested when Belgium was violated?"

"I am not allowed to refer to that, LIFE. You must see my manager."

"Which one—Colonel Roosevelt or Dr. Hexamer?"

"I am sorry I am not allowed to say."

"Will you repeal the Eight-Hour Bill if you are elected?"

"That, again, I am forbidden to reveal."

"Well, will you intervene in Mexico?"

"I am very sorry, LIFE, I cannot let you know that, either."

"At least tell me whether you privately favor universal military service or the federalization of the militia."

"No; I cannot tell that. You embarrass me. If I commit myself on any of those questions I may alienate some votes. But now I give satisfaction to everyone. The Colonel has endorsed me, and so has Mr. Root—a combination of progress and reaction that cannot be duplicated. Mr. Bacon and Jeremiah O'Leary both agree I am a suitable candidate—thus joining patriots and the Truth Society. I stand for Protection and Prosperity, for high wages and fair prices, for—"

"For bumper crops, Charles, and money in the bank; and you are opposed to infantile paralysis and Wilson; is that right?"

"That's right, LIFE. And now you will vote for me?"

"I don't believe so, Charles. You're too mysterious. You're almost uncanny. The testimony of the experts who have seen you near to is so conflicting that, for all I can find out, you might be a Chinaman. If there were a Chinese vote I doubt if you would deny Mongolian ancestry. Good-day, Charles."

"But, LIFE, may not Mr. Bacon of my office call on you?"

"Send him round any time. I want to talk about France with him."

"Good-bye, LIFE."

"So long, Charles."



"THE FULLNESS OF TIME"



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And "Trap the rat,"
"Shoot the dog"
And "Croak the cat."
Keep it up,
For science, maybe,
Soon will holler,
"Kill the baby."

—Chicago American.

"I was preparing to shave a chap the other afternoon," says a head barber. "I had trimmed his hair, and from such talk as I had had with him, I judged him to be an easy-going, unexcitable sort of fellow. But suddenly his manner changed. Out of the corner of his eye he had seen a man enter whose appearance upset him.

"'Hurry, George!' he muttered to me. 'Lather to the eyes—quick!—quick!—here comes my tailor!'"—Everybody's.



GROWTH

"What's in a Name?"

A story which will be appreciated by university men is told in Edinburgh. A number of examinations were being held recently at the university, and at one of them a student bearing the name of Meadow, who had answered the printed papers, was called up for his "oral."

"Ah, Mr. Meadow," facetiously remarked the examining professor, "fine old name yours."

"Yes, professor," responded the student, without a moment's hesitation. "It would be a great pity if it were ploughed."—Tit-Bits.

Now Qualified

"Aren't you the boy who was here a week ago looking for a position?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so. And didn't I tell you then that I wanted an older boy?"

"Yes, sir; that's why I'm here now."

—Southern Woman's Magazine.

PAT a cake, pat a cake, baker man,
Bake me a loaf as light as you can.
Label it plainly "Twelve Ounces," and
then

Sell it to me, tho it only weighs ten.

—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

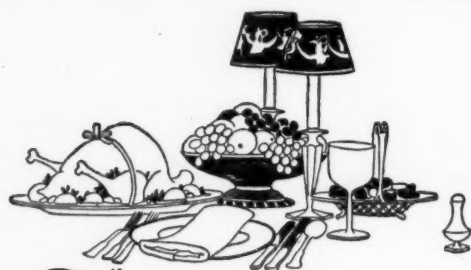
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How Short Can a Short Story Be?

HOW short can a short story be? *Life*, wishing to solve this problem, held recently a very interesting contest. A prize of \$1,000 was offered for the best original story under 1,500 words in length, and second and third prizes of \$500 and \$250. In addition to these prizes, every story accepted by *Life* as good enough to enter the competition was to be paid for at the rate of ten cents for every word under 1,500 words which the author *did not write!* That is, a story of 1,499 words would be worth 10 cents; a story of 500 words would be worth \$100, and so on.

This unique contest aroused great interest among the best American short story writers. More than 30,000 MSS. were received by *Life*. Of these, 81 were selected as the best, and these are the stories which appear in this book.

Eighty-one short stories, all under 1,500 words, vivid, unconventional, some by established writers and some by authors still unknown to the public, make this a book of unusual interest. Thomas L. Masson, the well known managing editor of *Life* and compiler of humorous anthologies, contributes an introduction.

It cost *Life* more than \$12,000 to collect these stories. The reader may have them for \$1.25 net. By post, \$1.36.

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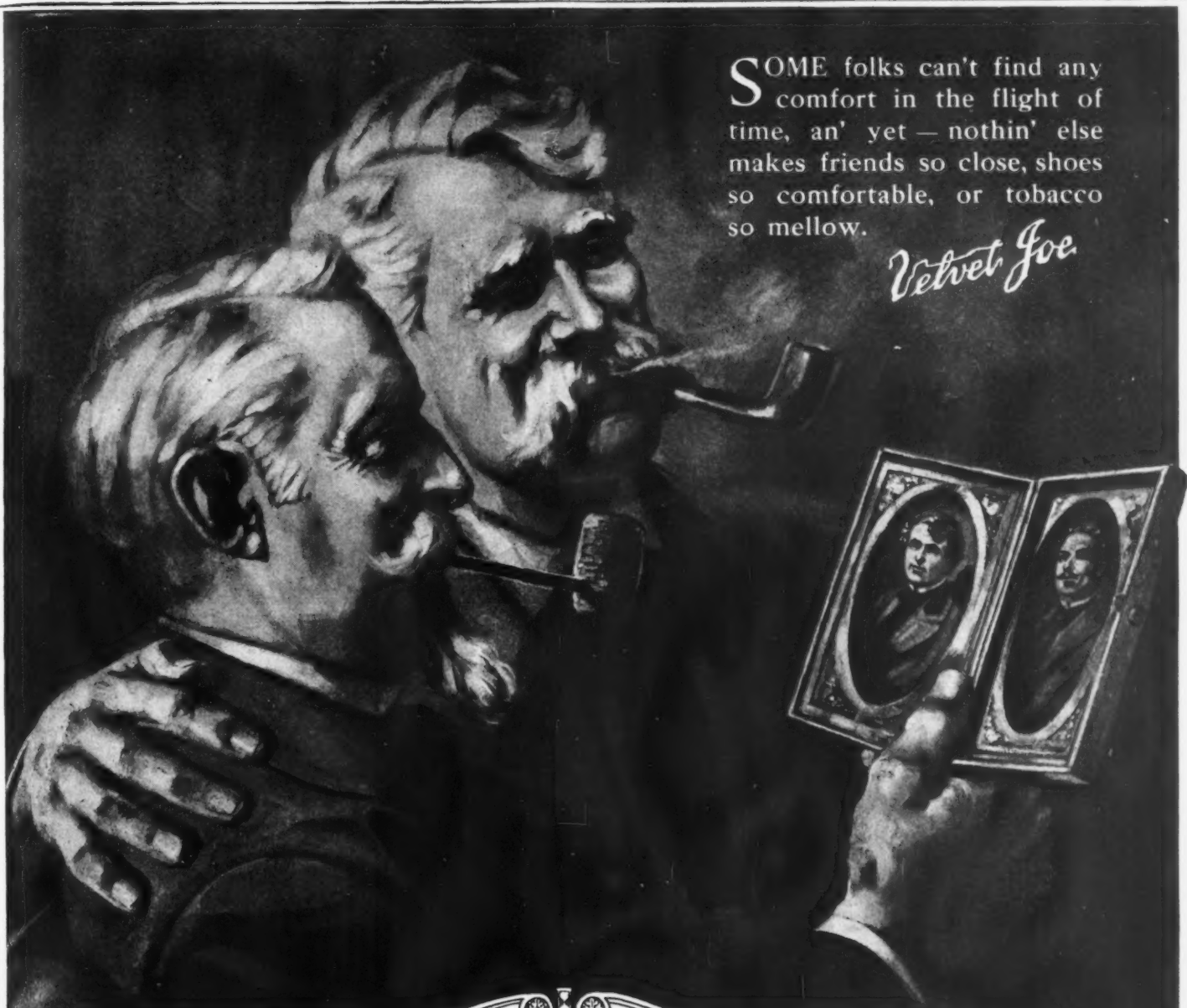
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Between Seasons

The gladsome days have come to pass,
The finest ones we know;
We neither have to shovel grass
Nor yet to mow the snow.

—The Sun.

A MILITARY journal relates an amusing story of a Highlander who, on being shown over a man-o'-war for the first time in his life, was keenly interested in all he saw. The marines seemed particularly to impress him, and going up to one, he pointed to the badge on the marine's cap and asked him what it was. The marine, anxious to score off the visitor, looked at him in surprise.

"Don't you know what it is?" he asked. "Why, that's a turnip, of course."

"Man," replied the Scot, impatiently, "I was no' axin' about yer heid."

—Tit-Bits.

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FRIEND: Wot's wrong, Bill?

THE MISANTHROPE: Wrong! I lorst a bloomin' bet, 'ad to stand drinks, got a bad 'arf-crown in me change, and then blow me if I didn't knock over me beer!

—Sydney Bulletin.

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"How does your boy Josh like his job in the city?"

"First rate," replied Farmer Corntos-sel. "He knows more about the business than the man that owns it."

"Who told you that?"

"Josh did. All he's got to do now is to convince the boss of it, an' git promoted."

—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Roberta had been to her first Sunday-school class, and was very much impressed by the hymns.

Early next morning she was heard shouting solemnly, "Stand up, stand up for Jesus!" and then, in a rollicking tone of voice, "Sit down, sit down, sit down, you're rocking the boat!"

—Everybody's.

The Los Angeles Times says
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By Rupert Hughes

"At least for the hour, The Great American Novel has appeared. . . . the novel of the hour—and is written with a felicity of style, an artistry of metaphor and simile, a keenness of thought and an accuracy of character delineation that may well keep it as one of the Great American novels. . . . It is not often in these columns that we throw up our hat at the ceiling and whoop with delight. But it was necessary to visit the haberdasher after "The Thirteenth Commandment."

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HUSBAND: Hurry up, wumman.

WIFE: Whaur ye gaun?

HUSBAND: Fur the caur.

WIFE (seeing car jerk violently when brought to rest): Are ye gaun in there?

HUSBAND: Aye.

WIFE: Aweel, haud on a meenit till I pit ma teeth in ma pooch.

—Glasgow Herald.

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It is the easiest thing in the world to say things with printer's ink. That is why we have so many millions of books and periodicals. But it is very difficult to say what you mean. And when, in addition to that, we consider the millions of hypocrites, sophists and political writers who don't even intend to mean what they say or say what they mean, the difficulties in the path of one who tries to make either a quantitative or a qualitative analysis of printer's ink are insuperable.

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The Victim

EDITOR LIFE:

Can you tell me if it is lawful and "regular" for army physicians to continue vaccinating a soldier (National Guardsman) for smallpox after the first one failed to take?

Several of us are opposed to vaccination on principle, but are willing to take it once for the good of the service; but as a couple of fellows have lost their arms on account of it, we would rather not be subjected to the treatment several times, especially when administered crudely and with no facilities for after treatment.

Yours truly,
CHAS. CLARK,
Co. K, 3rd Tenn.

"Why call me the consumer?" asked the guy who pays the bills. "All I do is produce!"—Columbia Citizen.

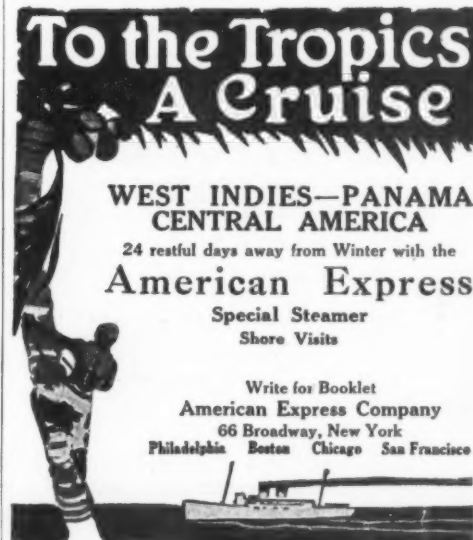
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If Things Were Reversed

THE dogs had a meeting and decided that they needed more amusements.

"One of the best things I know," said a greyhound, "is to teach some man how to do tricks."

This awakened general interest. The greyhound was asked how it could be done.

"Fortunately," he replied, "it is comparatively easy, owing to the law, which enables us to do about anything we please with regard to a man. We can torture him to death by starvation or can make his life a hell on earth."

"But," objected a cocker spaniel, "is it necessary to do this in order to train him to do amusing tricks? Can't you get the same result by kindness?"

This made the greyhound growl with pleasure.

"My dear fellow," he replied, "you don't quite understand. It is largely an economic question. In order to make any money out of trained men we must teach them by the shortest and most direct method. There is nothing like starvation and terror to bring about results. Suppose you want to teach a man how to climb a ladder. The most effective way is to keep him without food for several days, and then put a beefsteak on the top round.

The bulldog shuddered at this.

"It appears to me quite horrible," he observed. "You say the law is on our side?"

"Yes. Man is a chattel. If I own a man I can do anything with him I please."

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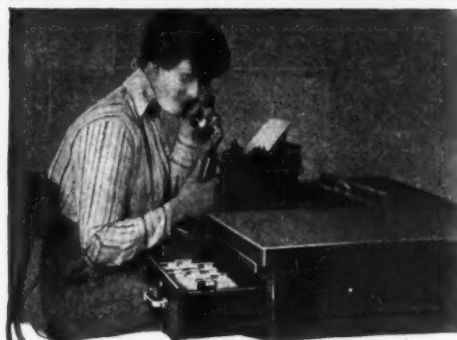
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"Then if we got up a company of trained men and moved them about the country for the amusement of dog audiences we would gradually get more careless about them all the time. We would beat them and bite them and leave them hungry in railroad stations, and terrorize them. What, my friends, would be the effect upon dog character?"

"Simply awful," said the great Dane. "But we must be amused," said the greyhound, "even if others have to suffer for it. Will any dog volunteer to go into the man-training business?"

There was no response.

A fox terrier then sprang up.

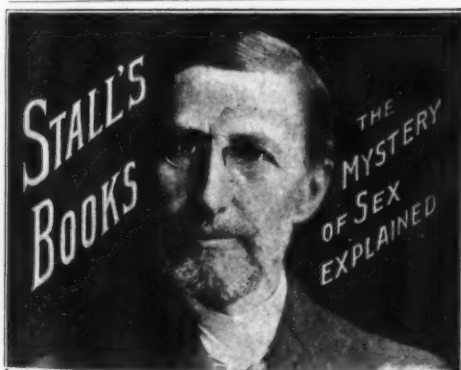
"Certainly there is no dog in the world that I know anything about who would stoop so low!" he exclaimed. "I think my friend the greyhound should offer us some explanation as to how he came to make such a cruel suggestion."

All the dogs now gazed at the greyhound, who actually blushed with shame.

"Forgive me!" he said brokenly, seeming suddenly to realize his unfortunate position. "I didn't know what I was doing. I have been reading a morning paper and all the cruel things in it and, believe me, it must have had a bad effect on me. Certainly no dog I have ever heard of would consider for a moment such a degenerate occupation as a trainer of men."

Selling Souls

A CRYING need in this country is an organization to keep young people from selling their souls too cheaply. This is the best we can hope to do. It is useless to try to keep them entirely from disposing of their souls. Our business and social system will not permit that for a moment. But at least it ought to be feasible to assist in marketing them under more favorable conditions. If it is possible to keep up the price of kerosene and cabbages it ought to be possible to put up the price of souls. Many a poor,



The dawning consciousness of sex that tingles in the youth and maiden awakens new mysterious sensations, and many a promising life, uninstructed, has been blighted because of the lack of proper information that these books so cleanly and wisely give.

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out appreciably by giving better timed negatives than can be obtained with other films when light conditions are poor. On the other hand, the latitude is such that you can expose and should expose, under good light conditions, just the same as you always have with the regular Kodak N. C. film. It isn't intended that you should cut down exposures when using Speed film. It is intended that you shall get better negatives when working under adverse conditions—and you will.

If it isn't Eastman, it isn't Kodak film.

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misguided young writer or artist or lawyer or minister is selling his soul and getting almost nothing for it. In a country as rich and prosperous as this, that is nothing less than a disgrace. It should be remedied. If we have any regard for posterity at all, we ought to do something at once to push this boon a little further in their direction.

E. O. J.

THERE is only one thing worse than a drinking man: that is a man who doesn't drink.

OLD King Cole was a merry old soul,

And a merry old soul was he.

He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,

And he called for his newsdealer to tell him to be sure to have the royal copy of LIFE for him every Tuesday.



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A first-class mind is almost always at a disadvantage with its contemporaries.

The men whose names we see constantly in print are almost all of them second-class men. A trick of catchy oratory, a large, dignified physical presence, a sort of talent in drawing a crowd, are the things which draw these men to the front pages. A first-class mind has no time for these things. A Newton, a Kepler, a Kant, a Shakespeare, did not create their work between stump speeches.

James J. Hill—O. Henry—Chas. W. Eliot

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By Dr. C. Alphonso Smith of the University of Virginia—a life long friend. The first authoritative account of a part of the life of the greatest recent American short story writer.

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Another of the Health articles that are creating such wide attention and helping so many people to keep well.

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A well illustrated article by Frank C. Page showing how aviation has taken on a new impetus in the United States.

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Boston Globe: Redolent of the open and the clean, wholesome life of the West. The author has never written a more clean or uplifting story.

Philadelphia Press: A welcome successor to such stories as "The Calling of Dan Matthews," "The Shepherd of the Hills" and "The Winning of Barbara Worth." Mr. Wright's West is as real as reality can be.

Chicago Examiner: When he describes a scene you see it enacted before your mental eye, when he speaks of his characters we have a perfect picture of the persons.

Washington Times: As always, an expert in character delineation, Harold Bell Wright presents a number of clear-cut portraits in his latest book, "When a Man's a Man."

Utica Observer: He has given in "When a Man's a Man" full measure, pressed down, heaped up and running over of his best thought and best work.

Pittsburgh Gazette-Times: An unusually interesting story, one that you do not want to quit until you have finished it. A story that holds you tight and fast.

San Francisco Chronicle: The author has a fund of sane and wholesome philosophy. The plot is good and the persons in the narrative are flesh and blood.

Los Angeles Express: It is a photographic picture of life on the plains, without the sensational guesswork that marks so many such tales, written by those who lack actual experience.

Portland Oregonian: One of those pure-minded, healthy stories where reading is a joy. Pleasant to remember after the last page is read. The story really reaches high-water mark.

Tacoma Tribune: The thrilling incidents of ranch life and rodeo are as clear to us as though we were really seeing them instead of reading of them.

Christian Nation, New York: This story will charm you with its idyllic beauty, it will thrill you with its riches of vital incident, it will delight and surprise you with the kaleidoscopic changes in the course of true love; but it will compel you to think.

Fort Smith Times-Record: Though gripped by the story itself the thoughtful reader cannot but wonder how a man may so lay bare the deepest, the most sacred passions of the human soul. We often wept as we read the story, but they were tears that soothed and inspired. We were made to feel that there is a divine principle within even the most worthless of human beings and that some time in every man's life there comes the desire to arise from the ashes of a dead past, and accept the challenge to be "A Man's Man."

Other Novels by Harold Bell Wright: The Eyes of the World—Their Yesterdays—The Winning of Barbara Worth—The Calling of Dan Matthews—The Shepherd of the Hills—That Printer of Udell's—Over Seven Million Copies of Harold Bell Wright's Books Have Been Sold—at all book stores.

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Of One Self-Slain

WHEN he went blundering back to God,

His songs half written, his work half done,

Who knows what paths his bruised feet trod,

What hills of peace or pain he won?

I hope God smiled, and took his hand,
And said, "Poor truant, passionate fool!

Life's book is hard to understand—
Why didst thou not remain at school?"

Charles Hanson Towne.

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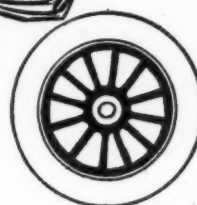
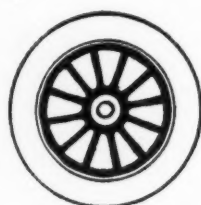
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But if you wander out like a lost child with the price of an automobile in one hand the first man you meet is more likely to sell you the car that suits him rather than the car that suits you.

What's all this leading up to?

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You have left a short list of cars which conform to your ideas. If you

have other questions to ask, in addition to the specifications given in Everybody's Automobile Directory, the address of the manufacturer is before you and a line will bring you a catalog; or Everybody's Automobile Service Department will cheerfully give the information desired.

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In this new Automobile Directory the publishers of Everybody's feel that they have added one more solid extension to their service, because the directory will be of just as much value to the man or woman who buys the moderate priced car as to the purchaser of an expensive limousine.

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The Disagreements of Men

THE less men know about anything the more they disagree about it. This simple and indisputable fact accounts completely for the many thousands of religious sects. As religious sects have always to do with the next world, and as none of them knows the slightest thing about the next world, there is the opportunity for an infinite variety of opinions, each one of which is the potential starting point for an argument.

If there were nothing but the weather to talk about, men would get along together famously. There is almost no chance for a disagreement about the weather, because it lies about us in our infancy, in our adolescence, in our maturity, our middle life and our senescence. A nasty, rainy day is a nasty, rainy day. If you have planned a picnic you may be sorry, or if your crops are suffering from drought you may be glad, but the fact remains. Disagreements will not stop until all men are omniscient.

WHEN George Washington crossed the Delaware he whiled away the tedious passage by reading the copy of

LIFE which, great man that he was, he had been fore-sighted enough to order from his newsdealer in advance.

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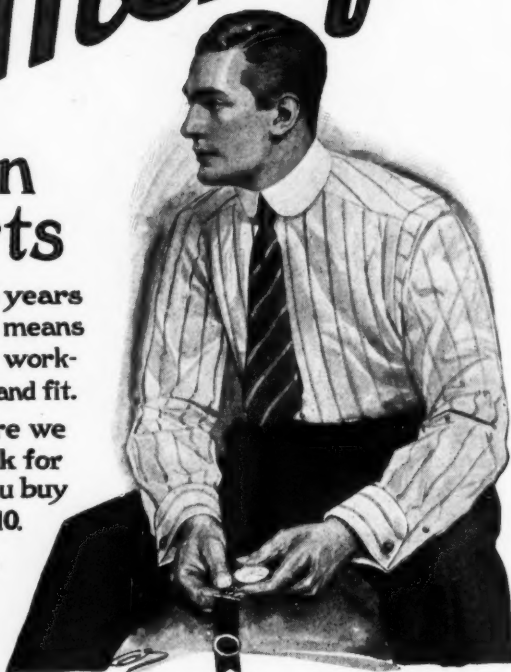
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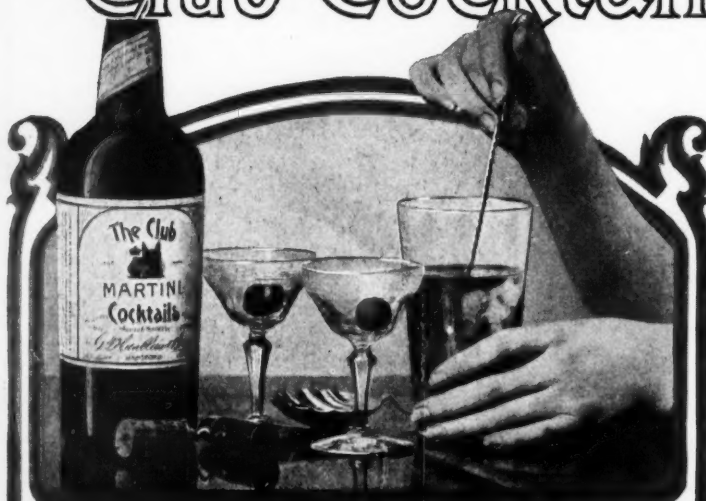
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Don't be a Provincial!

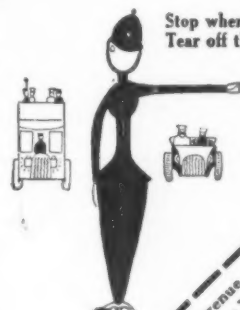
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A Lesson from France

THE Millennium in patriotism will come in America when all our people, without regard to party, back up the officials in charge of the government. Since the foundation of our country about one-half of the people are always disloyal to the President and those charged with the administration of affairs—solely because they belong to a different political party. There is not much real patriotism in saying you are loyal to your country and its institutions

and then speaking with contempt of those elected to administer its affairs. A man who prates about being strongly for marriage as an institution, but who is disloyal to his own wife, is not made of the best material. In France the various factions and parties bicker and dicker and differ about electing a President, but when a man is once elected party differences are forgotten and he becomes the head of the nation, and all the French people hail him as their representative and leader and are loyal to him as long as he is in office.

Books Received

Patience Worth, by Casper S. Yost. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.40.)

Bridge of Desire, by Warwick Deeping. (Robert M. McBride & Co. \$1.25.)

Chief European Dramatists, by Brander Matthews. (Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$2.75.)

Seven Miles to Arden, by Ruth Sawyer. (Harper & Bros. \$1.25.)

Education Among the Jews, by Paul E. Kretzmann. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)

Studies in Seven Arts, by Arthur Symonds. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.)

His Robe of Honor, by E. S. and J. F. Dorrance. (Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.30.)

Self-Reliance, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. \$1.00.)

Wild Animal Ways, by Ernest Thompson Seton. (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.)

The Family, by Elinor Mordaunt. (John Lane Company. \$1.35.)

Unhappy in Thy Daring, by Marius Lyle. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35.)

The Night Cometh, by G. Frederic Lees. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35.)

The King's Men, by John Palmer. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35.)

The Tragedy of an Indiscretion, by J. W. Brodie Innes. (John Lane Company. \$1.25.)

The Bywinner, by F. E. Wills Young. (John Lane Company. \$1.35.)

Expression in Singing, by H. S. Kirkland. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)

At the Edge of the World, by Caroline Stern. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)



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